UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

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MAHATMA GANDHI

has written his Autobiography entitled

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVII MONDAY, JUNE 7, 1926 NUMBER 15

THE MINERS

Written in London during the great strike.

You who sit
Safely at home where fires are lit
While we go down in the darksome pit—
What can you care, or dream, or know
Of the deadly wrongs that grieve us so?
How can you feel, in the cheerful light,
The throes of Hell, the fangs of night;
The reek, the cold, the pain, the gloom,
Out of the day, into the tomb?
(The men, the men, the wonderful men
Who go but never come back again!)

Oh if some Fate could make you feel,
Some awful moment could reveal
The death we risk, the load we bear!
You with beauty and gold to spare—
(Safe is the roof above your head!)
What if you looked upon the dead,
Lifted the wreckage, stone on stone,
To find the dead son was your own?
What if your men went down as we?—
Never again your eyes should see
Father or husband, friend or son,
Your hope, your life, your courage done?
What if your women pined and died,
Your children lived unsatisfied?
If Fate should all the facts reverse—
Ours the blessing and yours the curse;
Ours the hearing that could not hear;
Ours the comfort and ours the cheer,

Yours to labor and cry in vain
For recompense to ease your pain . . .
What wars would roll across the world,
What shouts from pulpits would be hurled,
How saints would plead and martyrs die,
What burning prayers ascend the sky!
In spite of all the statesmen say,
You'd find a way, you'd find a way.
If we were you and you were we—
You'd see! You'd see! You'd see!

ANGELA MORGAN.

For UNITY.

It is curious and also disgusting to us to see the way in which the newspapers—those in the East at least!—are interpreting political events in favor of the "wets." Not even in war time was there more shameless propaganda—nor propaganda based more deliberately on public ignorance and passion. No matter what happens, it is a great victory for the "wets," just as, no matter what happened during the War, it was a great victory for the Allies. Take Illinois, for example! Here in the recent primaries was a minority party, the Democrats, notoriously as "wet" as the Atlantic ocean. "Boss" Brennan, of Chicago, was nominated, without the slightest chance of victory in the forthcoming election over the "dry" Republican candidate, Col. Smith. Yet the newspapers lifted to high heaven the cry that Brennan's victory in the Democratic primaries means the doom of the Volstead Act before a vast uprising of the rebellious electorate. More remarkable still is the newspaper interpretation of the Pennsylvania primaries. Here in the senatorial contest were three candidates—Pepper, "dry," Pinchot, "bone dry," and Vare, "wet." Vare won the fight with a plurality vote which was hundreds of thousands below a majority. Pepper and Pinchot together, in other words, polled 820,174 votes as compared with 584,908 for Vare—which means, if figures mean anything, that, if Pepper had run alone against Vare, he would have won by something over 200,000 votes. At the same time, in the contest for the gubernatorial nomination, John T. Fisher, the "dry" candidate, defeated the Vare "wet" candidate, Edward E. Beidleman, by a majority of more than 15,000 votes. Yet in the days after the balloting, the newspapers talked of nothing but the stupendous "wet" victory in Pennsylvania! This is deliberate lying and deception, and the newspapers know it. Is it possible also that the newspapers do not know that their readers have a few brains and can tell a hawk from a hand-saw? Such propaganda as this, after all, is its own undoing. The press has tried before to mislead public opinion, with no other result than that of adding to the contempt in which it is held.

A few days after the above editorial was written, a primary election was held in the state of Oregon. Look at the results! Senator Stanfield, a professed "dry," but mixed up in a notorious drinking scandal some months ago, was defeated by a "dry" candidate bearing the endorsement of the state Anti-Saloon League by a vote of nearly 2 to 1. The out-and-out "wet" candidate for senator was a bad fourth and last in the running. Governor Pierce, "dry," had a more than 2 to 1 lead over his opponent, Mrs. Louise Weber, who favored liquor law modification. Representative Crumpacker, "dry" had 16,492 votes as over against 2,872 for Norman S. Richards, the "wet" candidate.

The special correspondent of the New York *World,* writing from Seattle on May 22nd last to his wringing "wet" paper, was forced to concede that the voters had "voted down all wet candidates by very large majorities." Summing up the whole situation, he said, "The vote showed that Oregon is much drier politically than it was when the state voted itself 'bone dry' more than a decade ago. Men known to be favoring 'wet' measures were voted down even to county commissioners, while all successful candidates on both tickets had formally announced themselves in favor of the present Prohibition laws, state and national." So impressive, so overwhelming, was this victory of the "dry" forces in Oregon, that no paper, so far as we know, tried to twist the results into a "wet" triumph. The thing simply couldn't be done! So most of our journals simply lapsed into silence, hoping that their readers would not of themselves notice an election so far away. But such events cannot be hid. This attempt to demonstrate that Prohibition is being repudiated by the voters is simply too ridiculous to hold water. There are "wet" areas in the country—New York is one, and Chicago is another, and both of these cities support newspapers of the widest circulation and the greatest influence. But facts are *facts* despite every attempt to prove them otherwise—and one fact is that Prohibition is here to stay!

The question of Calvin Coolidge and his relation with the voters throughout the nation is getting interesting. In the Illinois primaries some weeks ago his thick-and-thin supporter, Senator McKinley, battling on the issue of the World Court against an opponent who held up the Court to ridicule and the administration entry into the Court to denunciation, was soundly beaten. In the Indiana primaries, Senator Watson, who has never been a Coolidge man and who voted against the World Court, did not even trouble to return to his state and commend himself and his record to the citizens, and yet was victor by a smashing majority. The Pennsylvania primaries were still more significant. All three Republican candidates for the senatorship — Pepper, Pinchot and Vare — professed undying loyalty to the President. Mr. Coolidge, in accordance with his "canny" custom, kept still. But there was no question that Senator Pepper was the administration candidate! Not only had he "come to heel" on Coolidge policies with a subserviency that was nauseating if not actually shameful, but he had enlisted the support of all available administration spokesmen. Secretary Mellon, who "never makes a speech," made a speech for Mr. Pepper in this campaign, and thus lined up Mr. Coolidge in so far as the President can be lined up at all. Yet the Senator was put to flight by the cheap Philadelphia politician, William S. Vare. And now comes in Oregon the smashing defeat of Senator Stanfield, a thick and thin Coolidge supporter. What does all this mean? Is Mr. Coolidge slipping? Is the Massachusetts child of fortune losing his luck? Is opposition stirring against this greatest president since Lincoln? We can find no evidence of such opposition. But what we do find, in such primary campaign results, for example, is a growing *indifference* to Mr. Coolidge. People don't care about him any more. He does nothing, says nothing, stands for nothing, fights for nothing. Why bother about him therefore? We believe that, in these primary campaigns, people simply have not thought about the President one way or another. And—this is the most sinister sign that has yet appeared upon the horizon of Mr. Coolidge's political career.

We pick up our morning paper and read the news! The French franc is falling to unprecedented levels. On this particular day it tumbled so fast and so far that the debt negotiations in Britain were abandoned, and French statesmen gathered to adopt financial measures of a drastic character to save the situation. We turn a page! Bombardments and fighting again in Syria—five hundred men, women and children dead in Damascus. So the French are at war again with the native populations in the near East. That must cost some money for men, amunition, supplies, etc., etc. And this was the war that the League of Nations was investigating, and was going to end forthwith. We turn another page! The war in the Riff resumed—Riffian stronghold captured. Well, well, here is another battle-ground, with French armies fighting for honor and the right. Wonder if this has anything to do with the falling franc, and wonder what the League of Nations is going to do about this war. We turn the page! Pilsudski consolidates his victory in Poland—refuses to be dictator—Warsaw quiet. France must be enjoying these troubles, with her loans paying the bills. Wonder how this affects the franc, and wonder what the League of Nations thinks about with all Poland in arms, Luthuania waiting for the moment to grab Vilna, and Russia with her red army on the watch. Another page! The disarmament conference meets at Geneva—slow progress. So Geneva is talking about disarming, and is not getting ahead very fast. Wonder if this has anything to do with—anything else! But it looks as though we were reading this newspaper wrong. The thing to do, obviously, is to read one page, then throw it away and forget it before starting another page. It's useless and silly and pessimistic and unreasonable and pro-German and pro-Bolshevik to hitch things together and make connection between events. Just take each separate news-item for itself alone. Then the fall of the franc will be seen to be due to certain domestic difficulties soon to be cured, the Syrian and Riffian wars will take their proper place as sporting events, the Polish revolution will appear to be one

more war to end war, the disarmament conference will look hopeful, and all will be well. It's easy to be an optimist if you just try!

Prisons and prison administration remain one of the colossal failures and therefore stupendous tragedies of man. Here at home have come recently the horrible disclosures of the convict lease system in Alabama. If anything more hideous has ever transpired in the most barbaric periods of history than what has been going on in recent years in this American state, we have never heard of it. As we read the tale, as it was unfolded from day to day before the investigating committee, we wondered what would have been said by our newspapers and public leaders generally if this story had come out of Russia. Prison conditions are bad enough in the Soviet Republic (see "Letters from Russian Prisons," published by Albert and Charles Boni), as they are bad everywhere else, but no horror has ever been revealed in Bolshevik Russia to compare with this hell in Alabama. At this same time, from the other side of the world—namely, India—comes the report of new prison atrocities. That England has treated her Indian "politicals" with marvellous cruelty has long been known, but exact data has been lacking. Now comes the evidence of a British officer before a Gaol Committee in 1919-1920, revealed today for the first time by the Calcutta *Forward*, which not only constitutes a severe indictment of official methods in India, but also a challenge of the honesty and integrity of the whole Indian administration. The officer in question, Lt. Col. Mulvaney, Superintendent of Alipore Gaol for a long period, stated in his testimony:

> It is well known that in recent years the Government have had few more troublesome matters to deal with than the perennial complaints of ill-treatment of these prisoners in gaol. It is equally well known that the Government have been able to prove from official statements and reports that these complaints were groundless, and yet in my experience there was every reason for complaint. I have been in charge of one or the other of the Calcutta Gaols since the very beginning of the anarchical movement and I have had perhaps more to do with the imprisonment of political prisoners than any Gaol officer in India. And I say deliberately and with full consciousness of the serious nature of my statement that not only was the confinement to which these men were subjected positively inhuman, but that in fact misleading reports were deliberately submitted to the Government . . . I consider that the share I was compelled to accept in this painful business was, and is, a disgrace which cannot be obliterated. And I cannot say less than that my feelings were outraged by the cruelty of the treatment I was ordered and expected to carry out.

All this, mind you, some four or five years ago, with nothing disclosed to the public until now! So it goes around the world—"man's inhumanity to man." When prisons are so universally bad, are we not persuaded to suspect that something is wrong with the whole idea of imprisonment.

An eminent authority has declared it to be the purpose of religion to "make bad people good and good people better." That this definition inevitably suggests the question: "What makes people bad?" is surely plain to every thinker. But there is another question perhaps not so apt to be asked, the question: "Are people—any people—bad?" To the latter query it would be easy to answer in either the affirmative or the negative. But either of these specific answers would imply a status quo of conduct, a permanent condition of mind or soul, that almost never really exists. Bad people, if there are any, are not bad all the time. Good people are not good all the time. From which we may conclude that both goodness and badness are relative states just as they are relative terms. A thing or a person may be temporarily or even habitually good or bad, but neither things nor persons "stay put" indefinitely. Indeed, it would seem to us that since change is a law of life the scales of human morals, like the standards thereof, are constantly rising or falling, never truly either down or up, set or fast. There are tremendous possibilities in such a thought. Our problem, viewed in the light of this analysis, would then be merely one of guiding the vitality of the soul into the most definitely pro-social channels of which we have knowledge. A change of environment might conceivably be the first requirement of a man or woman judged to be "bad." Indeed, society has realized this for centuries; society has consistently jailed its "bad" elements—whenever it could catch them. The pity of it is that society has always changed the environment of "bad" people for the worse. But suppose we should agree that change for the better might bring more socially desirable results, would it not follow that the second requirement of the "bad" man or woman would be education for useful labor in his or her new surroundings? Given these two procedures does it not appear to be the purpose of religion to so alter environment and to so educate people as to make us all predominantly happy and effective, predominantly "good"? If we may presume the correct answer to this question to be: "Yes," may we not be pardoned for asking: "What religion is now guided by these principles?"

War Resisters

I was in the midst of consideration as to which of several subjects I should address the readers of UNITY, when there appeared G. W. Meyer of Bremen, Germany, and settled it. . . . I had been thinking of the subject of "Filipino Independence"—how fit to grant it on the 150th anniversary of American independence! of "Australia's Proposal for a Peace Conference at Honolulu" and also of the subject of "Graded Religion," in which is mysteriously concealed an idea of a new kind of church!

But, Mr. Meyer appeared, with greetings from Henry W. Pinkham of Boston and Miss Jessie W. Hughans of New York, and incidentally related his experience, that of discarding his lieutenancy, in the midst of the War, and becoming a pacifist, of his adventures through Finland, Russia and England until Armistice was announced. Only one subject would answer,—that of "War Resisters" or a Way to End War.

Mr. Meyer is a business man, representing a General Forwarding and Banking house in Bremen and Hamburg, but in his pocket-book he carries a signed card with the following War Resisters pledge,

> I declare it to be my intention never to take part in war, offensive or defensive, international or civil, whether it be by bearing arms, making or handling munitions, voluntarily subscribing to war loans or using my labor for the purpose of setting others free for war service.

Having made such a pledge, about which he is as willing to talk openly as one would about cannibalism, human-sacrifice, blood-vengeance, dueling or alcohol, it seemed to me that he had taken, not the only, but the first step toward effectually abolishing war. He had radically changed his habits and attitudes. Such a decision seemed to me to be as essential as the Mountain Testing before Jesus went out upon his ministry. When Mr. Meyer during war laid aside his military commission for the role of a pacifist and stuck to it through rather strenuous adventures, it was partly because he was convinced that some of the big industrialists of his own country were plotting to take over the iron mines of the enemy. Pacifism made him all the more conscious of the "causes" of war. He felt that his first step was to declare that he would have nothing to do with the evil custom, never again become a victim of illusions.

The War Resister, of course, is for disarmament. He believes that this is the one safe and sensible course. To throw away guns is entirely practical. Mr. Meyer disposed of his pistol. He thinks he would be dead by now, had he carried it with him. So, a nation, big or little, would best do the same thing. Sometime ago I wrote a letter to a councilman about "cleaning up the city" and "maintaining law and order" by means of disarming the police. I claimed that the greatest provocation to lawlessness was policemen going around with guns, that we do not seem to be intelligent enough to see that we pile up crime and disorder by putting guns in the hands of the police—who often are only boys grown tall. We thus subject them to rank injustice, almost criminal risk. I asked, "How does the great city of London—with fifteen times Seattle's population—get along with a gunless police? The English are not different. If anything they are more pugnacious than Americans. Yet, London is more orderly than Seattle. The underworld of London would arm if the police armed."

To be certain of my facts, I wrote my friend Wilfred Wellock of England. Here is his reply,

> You are quite right re the police. None of our police are armed. . . . Further. . . . A short time ago there was a move in high circles to provide the London police with fire-arms. . . . The police themselves took up the matter, and decided that they would be "safer" without fire-arms, and asked not to be provided with such. In face of this decision it was felt that the agitation to provide them with fire-arms must drop, and drop it did. A great victory for the principle of Pacifism.

It is a very strange blindness to be unable to see that refusal to use fire-arms, either by nation or individual, is a road to peace.

Would I have America disarm? Certainly, and at once. In the first place, the country, as with the London police, would be "safer." The mind of the people would be turned to other sources of power. With her present dependence upon guns, America is likely to "lose her soul"—and when the "soul" of a nation has departed, the break-up is at hand. Bluff, wealth, pride, legislation, navies will not stay the day,—only accelerate the end. If America were to disarm, absolutely, in city and nation, she would at once put on new strength, she would be loved, not feared and hated, and there would be ground for talking about "Eternal America." She would "develop socially and educationally as Denmark has developed."

CAN AMERICA DISARM? Certainly, and she should. For her own good, and the good of the world. I confess I don't see many signs of it. However, it will come suddenly. I am convinced that it would put her at once into the permanent leadership of the nations of earth. Surely destruction awaits the nation that takes the sword. History has no contradiction. If in doubt about disarmament of America, send ten cents to NO MORE WAR MOVEMENT, 11 Doughty st., London, W. C. 1, for A. Fenner Brockaway's pamphlet of "14 Points" on *"Can Britain Disarm?"*

Which leads me to refer to the movement now on in England under the leadership of Arthur Ponsonby, M. P. This movement contemplates the getting of a million signatures to a *Peace Letter to the Prime Minister,* which letter, to many Americans, reads astonishingly strange:

> We, the undersigned, convinced that all disputes between nations are capable of settlement either by diplomatic negotia-

tion or by some form of international arbitration, hereby solemnly declare that we shall refuse to support or render war service to any Government which resorts to arms.

Such a declaration has our hearty approval. Who will be the one to start a similar movement in our land? Copies of the letter are being widely distributed in England. Each copy has spaces for 50 signatures. The following from a letter of Arthur Ponsonby, received a few weeks ago, will be of interest and inspiration,

You wish to know how the movement is progressing. The Peace Letter is contained in a booklet with spaces for 50 signatures. Over 50,000 of these have been distributed. About 50,000 individual signatures have already been received, but the Peace Letters from the industrial centers where they have been methodically distributed have not yet been sent in. . . . My difficulty has not been to induce people to sign but to reach the many who want to sign, and I am therefore keeping the campaign going and delaying the presentation of the Letter 'till Autumn. . . . I have addressed meetings all over the country. . . . Other members of Parliament have also been working. It is as yet impossible to say what the response will be. My chief difficulty has been the impossibility of getting any publicity except in one or two newspapers. . . . While in some cases there has been doubt and discussion, I have experienced very little direct opposition. I may say that the educative value of the movement has been very great.

Mr. Ponsonby closes his letter with the wish, "I hope very much that it may be possible for a similar movement to be set on foot in the U. S. A."

We deeply share this hope with him. Who will start? Now is the time to act.

Who will lead? Human nature does not need to be changed, merely man's habits. There is certainly enough disgust in the hearts of Americans for the brutal, ineffective methods of war to lead the mass of people to discard war. The right man or society could fan the present feelings in men's hearts into a flame of indignation that would rid us of this monster evil. Human civilization has already been rid of human sacrifice in religion, of private blood-vengeance in civil life, or piracy upon the high seas, of slavery in all our "leading communities." These ancient evils have not been cast out by waiting until all sinners had been changed to saints. A few inventive, adventurous, socially progressive spirits have led, have appealed to the highest *in man,* have mobilized the resources that have existed and blotted the evils out of existence.

It may be the same with war. Practically all mankind, military and civil, decry war. War, as an institution, is an outcast. It is a leper. Men, women and children cry, Unclean! Unclean! Who will lead? Our rulers? They never have. Our learned men? The "wise men" rarely lead. The saints? No, they fill the days with intonations. From the people must come someone to lead. Who will do for America what Ponsonby is doing for England,—and even more. The Quakers have the birth-right privilege of leadership in this campaign against war. They have the confidence of the nation. . . . To Quakerize the nation, is exactly what is required to abolish war. Do they not hear the call to lead the nation? If not, who will?

The young German, with his pledge never to have part in war service, never to touch the unclean thing, points the way. Who will start the crusade? What is required is not a change of human nature, but of habits and conduct.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Jottings

"Onward, Christian Soldiers!" Congress has passed, or is about to pass, a bill permitting chaplains to hold higher ranks in the army than has hitherto been possible. One may even become a Major-General! This is a real promotion for the Nazarene. Up to the present, if he had come back to earth, the carpenter could only have been Major Jesus Christ, U. S. A. Now he can be *Major-General* Jesus Christ, U. S. A. This is wonderful indeed. But once before Jesus was "lifted up"—at the crucifixion on Calvary!

Edwin D. Mead asked a question in UNITY three weeks ago which is well worth pondering. It was this:

Did anybody ever hear of a "Patriotic Society" doing anything for the cause of peace and better world order?

Post this on the door-posts of your houses, and then ask what the ordinary brand of patriotism is really worth.

The recent death of Ellen Key brings to mind the famous question with which, like an earthquake, she shook the complacency of our age:

Why do highly civilized Christian people continue to plunder one another and call it exchange, to murder one another *en masse* and call it patriotism, to oppress one another and call it statesmanship?

An appeal for funds to build a chapel for the soldiers at the Plattsburg Barracks in New York, describes the proposed edifice as, first, "a shrine of patriotism." Curious! We had always assumed that a chapel or a church was first of all a temple of God.

The "wets" must be proud of the politicians their movement is bringing to the fore. Voters who believe in legalizing liquor once again are well represented by men like Brennan of Illinois and Vare of Pennsylvania.

It is well to make note of what is happening to the World Court senators these days. Stanfield, of Oregon, is the latest to go down to ignominious defeat in the primaries. Three have now been picked off, and the end is not yet. All of which is significant as showing how much popular sentiment there ever was, or is now, behind the movement in this country for entry into the Court.

J. H. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1926)

CHAPTER IX

Father's Death and My Double Shame

The time I am speaking of is my sixteenth year. My father, as we have seen, was bedridden, suffering from fistula. My mother, an old servant of the house, and I were his principal attendants. I had the duties of a nurse, which mainly consisted of dressing the wound, giving my father his medicine, and compounding drugs whenever they had to be done at home. Every night I would massage his legs and retire only when he asked me to or after he fell asleep. I loved to do all this service. I do not remember having ever neglected it. All the time at my disposal, after the performance of the daily functions, was divided between school and attending on father. I would go out for an evening walk only when he permitted me or was feeling well.

This was also the time when my wife was expecting a baby—a circumstance which, as I can see today, meant a double shame for me. For one thing I did not restrain myself, as I should have, whilst I was yet a student. And secondly, that carnal lust got the better of what I regarded as my duty to study, and of what was even a greater duty, *viz.*, that of devotion to parents—Shravana having been my ideal since childhood. Every night whilst my hands were busy massaging father's legs, my mind was hovering about the bedroom—and that, too, at a time when religion, medical science and common sense alike forbade sexual intercourse. I was always glad of being relieved from my duty, and went straight to the bedroom after doing obeisance to father.

On the other hand, father was getting worse every day. Ayurvedic physicians had tried all their ointments, Hakims their plasters, and local quacks their nostrums, too. An English surgeon had also used his skill, and as the last and only resort, he recommended a surgical operation. But the family physician came in the way. He disapproved of father going in for an operation at his advanced age. The physician was competent and well-known, and his advice prevailed. The operation was abandoned, and various medicines purchased for the purpose went to no account. I have an impression that if the physician had allowed the operation the wound would have easily healed. The operation was to have been performed by a surgeon who was then well-known in Bombay. But God had willed otherwise. When death is imminent, who could think of the right remedy? Father returned from Bombay with all the paraphernalia of the operation, which were now useless. He had despaired of living any longer. He was getting weaker and weaker, until at last he had to be asked to perform the necessary functions in bed. But up to the last he refused to do anything of the kind, always insisting on going through the strain of leaving his bed. The Vaishnavite rules about external cleanliness are so inexorable. Such cleanliness is quite essential, no doubt, but Western medical science has taught that all the functions, including a bath, can be done in bed with the strictest regard to cleanliness and without the slightest discomfort to the patient, the bed always remaining spotlessly clean. I would regard such cleanliness as quite consistent with Vaishnavism. But my father's insistence on leaving the bed for the performance of the necessary functions only struck me with wonder then, and I had nothing but admiration for it.

The dreadful night came. My uncle was then in Rajkot. I have a faint recollection that he came to Rajkot, having had news of my father getting worse. The brothers were deeply attached to each other. Uncle would be sitting near father's bed the whole day and would insist on sleeping by his bedside after sending us all to sleep. No one had dreamt that this was the fateful night. The danger, of course, was there.

It was 10:30 or 11. I was giving the massage. Uncle offered to relieve me. I was glad and went straight to the bedroom. The wife, poor thing, was fast asleep. But how could she sleep when I was there? I woke her up. In five or seven minutes, however, the servant knocked at the door. I started with alarm. "Get up," he said. "Bapu is very ill." I knew, of course, that he was very ill, and so I guessed what "very ill" meant that moment. I sprang out of my bed.

"Do tell me what the matter is?"

"Bapu is no more."

So all was over! I had but to wring my hands. I felt deeply ashamed and miserable. I ran to my father's room. I saw that if animal passion had not blinded me I would have been spared the torture of separation from my father during his last moments. I would have been massaging him, and he would have died in my arms. Now it was for the uncle to have the honor. He was so deeply devoted to his elder brother that he had earned the honor of doing him the last services! Father had forebodings of the coming event. He had signed for pen and paper, and written: "Prepare for the last rites." He had then snapped the amulet off his arm and also his gold necklace of Tulsi-beads, and flung them aside. A moment after this he was no more.

The shame to which I have referred in a foregoing chapter was this shame of my carnal desire even at the critical hour demanding wakeful service. It is a blot I have never been able to efface or forget, and I have always thought that although my devotion to my parents knew no bounds and I would have given up anything for it, it was unpardonably wanting, in that my mind was at the same moment in the grip of lust. I have, therefore, always regarded myself as a lustful, though a faithful, husband. It took me long to get free from the shackles of lust, and I had to pass through many an ordeal before I could overcome it.

Before I close this chapter of my double shame, I may mention that the poor mite that was born to my wife scarcely breathed for more than three or four days. Nothing else could be expected. Let all parents and couples be warned by my example.—(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

M. K. GANDHI.

Drugs, Drink and Devil

Drugs and drink are the two arms of the devil with which he strikes his helpless slaves into stupefaction and intoxication. And, according to an illuminating article in *The Survey* on the two opium conferences at Geneva, opium, the chief among the drugs, "won." The writer says: "Out of all the marching and countermarching, the drawing of swords and putting them up again, the rumors of defeats and famous victories, the traffic in opium and other narcotic drugs has gained a new lease of life." In the midst of confusion and chaos caused by the bewildering reports on behalf of the different nations, the writer says: "The only people concerned who knew precisely what they wanted and did not want, and who were quite clear about and content with what they got were those who in one way or another make profit out of the traffic in narcotics."

"Especially during the world war," the writer adds, "the campaign has been going almost by default. In that five years of turmoil, so far as international interest or action was concerned, the war against narcotics took its place with the war against Original Sin. . . . Indeed, the war itself materially aggravated the evil. The widespread use of morphine and cocaine in the armies as anodynes against human agony, and to some extent as a means of mental relief from the deadly despairs and fears, disgusts and monotonies of war, turned loose at the end in many countries a considerable army of uncured and more or less incurable addicts to continue and spread their addiction. For one of the awful concomitants of this vice is a kind of perverted missionary impulse to propagate itself by making new addicts."

This is one of the most deadly by-products of the late war. If it has destroyed millions of lives, it has also hastened the soul-deadening process. But Mr. Gavit, the writer, shows that during the thirteen years since the international agreement was registered in the Hague convention, "the character of the problem has changed greatly." Mr. Gavit can only speak from the European standpoint. Therefore, he says, "the evil is no longer an exotic affair of the Far East, of the eating, drinking and smoking of the raw and prepared opium after the time-entrenched fashions of India, China and other Oriental regions." It has now resolved itself into the use "of the more concentrated and far more injurious forms in the *high power drugs,* manufactured in the expensively equipped and scientifically-operated pharmaceutical laboratories of the lands which call themselves 'civilized.' Whereas, in the former time, the opium and the opium habits of the Far East were creeping out into the West, now the flow is the other way. And that is not all: These drugs are equally deadly, and spreading ominously, in the countries where they are made, and across their borders to their neighbors. . . . The threat is against the welfare of all mankind. To this devil a white addict is as useful as a black or yellow; . . . His is a domain upon which the sun never sets."

The writer then touches "the heart of the evil," which is in "the *excess of production*" beyond the very legitimate needs of medicine and science. These needs *per capita* are:

Raw opium, 450 milligrams (about 7 grains).

Cocaine, 7 milligrams (about .11 of a grain).

This works out for a population of 744,000,000 (out of the world's assumed total of 1,747,000,000) as accessible to Western-trained medical service, to a total "medical and scientific" need *in tons* about as follows:

For medicinal opium	100 tons
For morphine	136 tons
For codein	84 tons
For heroin	15 tons
Total world need	336 tons

Of cocaine, at the rate mentioned, the requirements would be a little over 12 tons. But the total output at the very lowest is 8,600 tons. Of cocaine there are no ascertainable figures but it is nowhere under 100 tons. Thus the world's production of narcotics is more than ten times the most extravagant estimate of the world's legitimate needs.

The writer shows that none of the great powers, including America and Great Britain, has seriously tackled the problem. He charges them with having broken the promise made under Article IX of the Hague convention, "to limit the manufacture of these substances to the *bona fide* needs of medicine and science." He deplores that these civilized nations have failed not merely to check the overproduction of raw and prepared opium, but have failed to check even the manufacture of the deadly drugs in the huge laboratories which are subject to license and inspection, and whose control is the easiest thing possible if there is only the will.

The readers who have studied the Assam opium report prepared at the instance of the congress by Mr. Andrews' labors know the evil wrought by the opium habit. They also know how the government has failed egregiously to deal with the growing evil and how they have thwarted the efforts of reformers who tried to deal with it. It, therefore, did one's soul good to find that during the National Week, speakers at public meetings insisted upon the total prohibition of intoxicating drinks and drugs. It is a reform that is overdue. And if it is at all worth going to the Councils, this total prohibition must be made a prominent plank in the electoral campaign. Every member must be pledged not merely to support, but to initiate and pursue the total prohibition campaign, the only way to bring about total prohibition being to cut out from the military expenditure a portion equivalent to the revenue derived from this immoral source. The demand, therefore, for total prohibition must go hand in hand with the demand for reduction in the military expenditure. Nor must the solution be delayed by plans of taking referendums. In India there can be no reason for any referendum because drink and drug habits are universally recognized as vices. Drink is not a fashion in India as it is in the West. To talk, therefore, of a referendum in India is to trifle with the problem.

M. K. Gandhi.

Young India.

The General Strike

The day when all the country was holding its breath, waiting to see whether some way might yet be found out of the impasse to which the parleys between the workers and the Government had come, was the most brilliantly sunny of this spring season. Everywhere was intense activity, especially at the big railway terminals, where travelers were arriving from the Continent who had spent the Easter holidays there or were hastily booking for their port of departure for foreign parts. School children were being shepherded in flocks by teachers for their return, some a day or two ahead of the beginning of the summer term. In the shops crowds were making last purchases, and carrying their own parcels home, knowing that there was no other chance of getting them delivered. At the temporary huts opened by the Government for volunteers, long queus were standing in line to offer their services to maintain the distribution of essentials. In Hyde Park long lines of motor-lorries were drawn up, and the gates were closed to the public. The milk distribution centers there. And in front of the Government offices in Downing Street, at the low, old-fashioned brick building which looks so innocent of harboring discussions which are shaking Britain and the whole world, crowds are solidly packing the thoroughfare, growing denser throughout the night which is to set the strike machinery in motion, until the bobbies give up all hope of moving them on. It is a most orderly crowd, and when at last, in the middle of Tuesday morning, it finds nothing worth looking at is going on, it breaks up easily under the pleasant requests of the traffic police, "Step along, please," "All together now, please," as the blue-coated, unarmed representatives of law and order move among them. Rather a contrast, thinks the American observer, who has been reading about the reading of the riot act in Garfield, N. J., to the way we do things at home.

Some people sat up all night, listening in on the wireless for the hoped-for assurance that it was all a bad dream, that nothing so dislocating to "business as usual" as a general strike could really occur in twentieth century England, especially after a similar evil, threatened twice before when the coal situation loomed big, had been averted. "Surely the Government will do something," was the thought in every mind, when one recollected how the subsidy was adopted in the last five minutes last August, after repeated assertions by the Prime Minister that such a thing was unthinkable.

This time, however, no dove of peace returns to the ark. Time passes, and on Tuesday morning, though to be sure, the milk for breakfast is at hand, the daily newspaper is not, unless you happen to take in the *Times* or the *Daily Express*, or some other survivor of the night's victims, which have gone down because of the refusal of the typesetters to print what they consider to be misrepresentations of Labor's case. The *Daily Express* chronicles the casualties on its first page, usually given up to advertisements and personals. And the surviving papers are curtailed past all recognition.

How is one to know what is going on if this state of things continues? There is wireless, but it is rumored that the Electrical Unions will eventually stop the broadcasting. One realizes how much we all depend upon an agency that we are all inclined to curse for bias and carelessness in ordinary times. There are still picture sections of the *Times* and the *Daily Express,* however, even if the *Mirror* has gone down. Troops in busbys marching through the streets in a "rehearsal" yesterday—a rehearsal for what? A crowd of light-hearted volunteers, students of King's College; a mass of people locked out of Hyde Park, at the Marble Arch, looking through the palings at the transport vehicles drawn up inside. It is said that several of the daily riders in Rotten Row, who could not believe that the exclusion which had been broadcast really applied to them, presented themselves as usual, and were much put about to find their morning canter out of the question. The *Times* shows the powers behind the situation—Mr. Baldwin and members of his Cabinet; Messrs. MacDonald, Thomas and Henderson, leaving the Labor office at Eccleston Square.

Out in the streets around the Bloomsbury section reigns a silence that can be felt. That is because the busses which usually thunder along Oxford Street and Hart Street are stopped. "How doth the city sit solitary that was so full of people," is the thought which first suggests itself, but that is before one ventures outdoors. In the thoroughfares all is bustle, streets packed with motors which seem to have sprung up like the dragon's teeth where none were before; for London is unlike New York in that its busses far outnumber its private automobiles, ordinarily; these must have been rushed in from the country, and they are crowded to the limit, sometimes nine in a five-passenger car. Huge charabancs are filled with business men being convoyed to the city. The sidewalks are crowded, too, with men and women with satchels and attaché cases, evidently just getting to their offices, though it is now 11 o'clock. At the Embankment there is a seemingly hopeless tangle of traffic, and an excited motorist who must be somewhere inside of five minutes is arguing with a bobby, who keeps a godlike calm.

At Westminster Bridge there is a crowd of workingmen standing silent, all looking one way—at a motor-lorry filled with soldiers. In front of the barracks at White Hall the sentries on their horses are as impassive as ever, but in the courtyard are piles of luggage from which newly arrived reserves are picking out their kits, while a group of blue-jackets stare at them through the gates. The contrast between the gorgeous red and white uniform of the Life Guards, with their white fur and their glittering steel helmets, and the workaday aspect of the Tommies is striking. One wishes somehow that these signs of the mailed fist, together with the news that two battleships have been ordered to the Mersey, could have been dispensed with on this first day. The British workman is naturally peaceable; he scarcely needed the order just published, forbidding public drill; but he has not forgotten

the Fascist attack upon the van containing his *Daily Herald,* for which the marauders got off so easily, nor is he unaware that these same Fascists have for some time past been drilling—for what? He wonders whether the new order applies to everybody, or only to the workers.

All factions, however, unite in urging restraint and peaceful waiting. This was emphasized at a meeting in the Kingsway Hall, which had been called by the London Labor Party on the question of disarmament before the general strike was anticipated. Needless to say, the nearer question of the situation facing Labor at home is the one which occupies the speakers; although Margaret Bondfield, who hurries in from a conference of the Labor leaders and hurries back after a quarter-hour of eloquent speech, gives most of her time to denouncing the folly of war and all its works. Her parting words are, however, to the workers to stand firm, use no violence, and expect to reap the reward of solidarity and self-control.

What a moment to be hearing Ramsay MacDonald for the first time! Will he come, as the chairman assures the audience he will, as soon as he can get away from the House? The secretary of the London Labor Party fills in the time of waiting by sound advice as to this not being the time for criticism of leaders, but of backing them to the limit. Suddenly his voice is drowned in a roar of welcome, and the audience rises as one man while Ramsay MacDonald enters the hall by a door at the back of the stage, whence he descends a few steps and makes his way to the front. A triumphant entry, surely, which should hearten the leader who has been the storm center these last days. His handsome face looks worn. He passes his hand often across his eyes as if to clear away a mist. When at last the chairman has got the audience into its seats, after cutting them off in the midst of a second go at "For he's a jolly good fellow," and Secretary Morrison has hastily ended his remarks, Mr. MacDonald comes forward, to be greeted with another demonstration of cheers and applause. He starts off with an apology for his weariness. "Your leaders are all very tired," and he has just come from speaking in the House, where things have not been easy. He begins to speak of the practical difficulties of disarmament, and how a single country cannot disarm alone. It is easy enough, he says, to dream dreams by the fireside, but not so easy to put them into action. He wanders off into discussion of the state of opinion in Europe. One wonders whither his speech is tending, when all at once he stops abruptly, makes the familiar gesture of brushing away some obstruction, and, with a lift of his head and a totally different expression, launches into a very different sort of utterance, tense, earnest, closely knit. He tells us that he did not mean to discuss disarmament at all, since all he can think of is the terrible days he and the other leaders of Labor have been going through and the serious situation that confronts them now—a situation that none of them expected or wished. He plunges into the intimate history of those days, telling with suppressed passion how they waited from April 13th to the 30th for the mine-owners' proposals; how the precious time which should have been given to discussion of those terms and to an attempt to arrive at a peaceful solution slipped by with no message. His description of the last week was dramatic in its tensity and simplicity. "Monday, we waited, . . . Tuesday, . . . nothing. Wednesday, . . . nothing. Thursday, . . . nothing. Friday we sat with our watches in our hands, knowing that lockout notices were already posted at the pit mouths. 'Now so many miners are out,' we said. . . . 'now so many more.' Still nothing, until quarter past one, when at last the proposals came. Even then, when it was humanly impossible to look into them carefully or discuss them in detail with the Miner's Committee, we managed to come to some conclusion, with the concurrence of the miners' executives. . . . and just as we were agreed to compromise, on the lines of the Coal Commission report, there arrives a message from the Government, asking the miners to agree to a cut in wages, with no guarantee of its being temporary, or of the industry being reorganized. It was an improper suggestion, it blocked the way to peace. It went against the coal report which the Government had made its gospel, for the report says that a wage decrease is to be temporary, and contingent on reform of the industry. The Government must have known when it made that demand that it meant the end. It is an insult to their intelligence to suppose otherwise." But even then, MacDonald goes on, though, as he says, the Government had rung down the curtain on negotiation, the Trades Union Congress and the Miners' Federation went on, trying to arrive at a formula which could be applied. And again they had reached the point where they were all optimistic of a solution when a second time the Government broke the hope of peace. A message came at midnight on Saturday, refusing to negotiate further. When the T. U. C. sent a messenger to the Government offices to ask for the explanation, which they were utterly at a loss to imagine, the offices were dark and the messenger was told that everybody had gone to bed. What was there, then, but the general strike? There was nothing, unless they were to desert the miners. Nobody could hate the idea of a general strike more than he. Mr. Baldwin, in the debate from which he had just come, had been quoting things he had said against such a strike. They were not the strongest things he had said, and they were not so strong as his feelings. But the Government had left no other way. He then described the most sinister figure in the Government, as he called him, Winston Churchill, and tells how he had just been saying in the House that this was not an industrial dispute, but a strike to seize power and form a Soviet. Winston Churchill as a constitutionalist appears to him a humorous figure, or would if the whole matter were not so tragic. He quotes Churchill's indictment of the Labor leaders, "They are attacking the Constitution, they want to destroy the Government, they *want to turn us out.*" MacDonald refuses to predict the success or failure of the general strike, but he declares that when it is ended, as he hopes it soon may be, the present Government will have become so obnoxious to the people of Great Britain that they will have to go.

On that note MacDonald ends one of the most remarkable speeches, surely, of his career. And from the cheers and applause which follow him as he leaves the hall to return to the House, one cannot doubt that he is once more the trusted leader of his party; that for the first time since Labor went out of office, criticism is forgotten, and all factions are united solidly behind him.

EMILY LOVETT EATON.

London, England.

Germany at Geneva

Echoes of the American press which have found their way into German newspapers indicate that America had been exceedingly optimistic over the recent assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva, prior to its opening, but that she is now very pessimistic over the outcome. These hopes rested on the false assumption that the League as it stands contains in some measure at least the idealism which Woodrow Wilson attempted to embody in the organization at the time of its formation.

The reaction in Germany to the Geneva fiasco has been just the reverse. Before the signing of the Locarno Treaty the Germans not only had no faith in the integrity of the League, but believed that the less Germany had to do with the League, the better off she would be. There are many Germans who still hold this opinion and wish to see Germany remain outside the League. But the German attitude on the whole has been changing from one of total indifference to what might be termed "experimental optimism." There are two sides to this optimism, an idealistic and a materialistic. But in regard to both there is the feeling that Germany has all to gain and nothing to lose by joining the League, provided she is permitted to become a member on the proposed basis.

The idealistic element in this optimism consists of a hope, certainly a faint one, but nevertheless a hope, that the League of Nations may be the instrument of forming a united Europe. In a recent issue of *Deutsche Einheit*, a small weekly magazine published in Hamburg, the editor writes:

> Germany triumphed in Geneva because, weaponless, only a spiritual victory was possible, and consequently the victory ranks in importance with the freeing of the Ruhr territory three years ago. . . . To discover a way in which the League of Nations may be used to form a united Europe, that is our task.

The editor is, to be sure, much more optimistic than the average German, but in so far as he expresses a genuine desire to make the League an instrument of peace, he is representative of the German spirit today.

The materialistic element in Germany's present optimism, however, is the stronger of the two. This does not mean that Germany is more materialistic than other nations. On the contrary, she is less so. But her profound distrust of the League would not permit her to have dealings with it solely on the basis of the League's idealism. Her entrance would restore, in some measure, her prestige with other nations, and thus make possible better trade relations. Furthermore, the question of reparations payments will again come to the front in the near future. These payments have so far been met in part by means of the loans made to her, in part by heavy taxation of German industry. She has been compelled to permit enormous imports, without the advantage of free export. England, by means of a government subsidy, has made it possible for English coal dealers to sell coal in Germany more cheaply than German dealers can sell it. For several months Germany has had more than 2,000,000 unemployed, which constitutes another drain on her resources. All of these factors have been bringing industry to a standstill. It is the general opinion of German business men that the economic situation will continue to grow worse unless a more sane attitude is taken by France and England. The Germans believe they can do more as a member of the League to promote such an attitude than they can as an outsider.

That German distrust of the League was amply justified in Geneva is indisputable. Some time before the conference opened it became evident that the old political game of "balance of power" would prevail. The Germans believe this method will be used to an even greater extent in the next conference, in a way that would invalidate Germany's voice as a League member. Under such circumstances she will unquestionably decline League membership.

But German distrust in the League has deeper roots than the Geneva conference. There is no more peace-loving people in Europe than the Germans, but they are obsessed with a fatalism in regard to war. Since coming to Germany I have discussed world peace with professors, students, business men and others. I have always ventured to suggest the outlawry of war as a possible road to world peace, and almost invariably I have observed that sympathetic smile which says, in substance, that such a suggestion could come only from a very naive person with good intentions, but with very little knowledge of life and the world. Bernhardi's philosophy seems to be deeply rooted in the German mind. The German expects war as a matter of course, just as he expects tornadoes, earthquakes and similar catastrophies, except that war has for him a greater degree of certainty. The outlawry of war, he declares, is an excellent idea for a nation protected as America is by her geographical isolation. But for a nation like Germany, surrounded by enemies on all sides, such an idea is unthinkable.

Germany has recently signed a treaty with Russia, with whom many Germans believe the future of their country is bound up. Already German manufacturers are filling orders for the Soviet government, and the latter seems inclined to entrust the development of her internal resources, in part at least, to German supervision. One does not hear any suggestions of a combination between the two nations for war purposes. But one does hear repeatedly about the necessity of Germany arming herself in order to prevent the nations involved in the next war, in which it is supposed Germany will not participate, from using Germany territory as a battle ground; the old story of preparedness, in a new form. Notices are to be seen everywhere urging the people to be brave, and to have faith in Germany's future.

European statesmen, as well as the people behind them, have apparently learned nothing from the last war. As one reads of the military preparations in France and England, of Mussolini's Napoleonic aspirations, and, above all, as one reflects upon the insincerity which characterized the chief figures in the Geneva conference, one begins to suspect that the stage is being set for another war.

No nation is more anxious than Germany to prevent such a catastrophe, and if the next conference at Geneva gives her an opportunity, I am convinced that she will take the lead in movements toward permanent peace. Meanwhile, the old distrust lingers, and Germany is making all possible preparations to go her way alone.

J. Ernest Bryant.

Marburg, Germany.

China Again

Mrs. Ayscough needs no introduction. She is known both for her own writings and for her collaboration with Amy Lowell in the translation of Chinese poems: "Fir Flower Tablets."[1] Her new book, indeed, is dedicated to the memory of Miss Lowell, "whose writing brush is full of life's movement," as a Chinese scholar has said. Mrs. Ayscough has lived many years in China and has had the leisure and means to pursue her study of things Chinese at her will. She has sympathy, enthusiasm and artistic taste. She has read and has studied things at close range. Her view of translation is personal, but its results are happy. She says:

> I can approximate far more closely to the Chinese idiom if, instead of rendering an ideograph by any one English word, although it be universally accepted as an equivalent, I use a phrase based on the analysis of the ideograph or "character" as it is generally called.

Not that Mrs. Ayscough's book is in any sense a translation of Chinese authors; but she frequently translates poems from Li T'ai-po and other poets, and there are many places in her own prose where the analysis of a character throws light upon the Chinese thought. The book is made up of a half-dozen essays of varying interest. They naturally make varying appeal to different readers. For our own part we like *The Grass Hut by the Yellow Reach* and *Symbolism of the Purple Forbidden City* best. The first is a charming description of a new house she had built in pure Chinese style. The ideas embodied in it; the character and meaning of its decorative features; the psychology, folk-lore and practices of the workmen; the ceremonies observed in its construction and at its dedication—all are detailed in a manner that interests and delights. The symbolism of the purple forbidden city is in Mrs. Ayscough's own most particular field. Two of the essays are especially valuable to the traveler, *en route*. One who desires to fully appreciate and derive real benefit from his trip up the Yangtze Kiang or from his ascent of the sacred mountain, T'ai Shan, may well carry *A Chinese Mirror* with him. We have a suspicion that Mrs. Ayscough's own favorite among the essays is the one that appeals least to ourselves—*Cult of the Spiritual Magistrates of City Walls and City Moats*. But each and all are interesting and crammed with information, most of which is not to be easily found elsewhere. There are two supplementary chapters—a synopsis of Chinese history and a biographical index. The book is well illustrated with pictures drawn by Lucille Douglas, which form an agreeable change from the photographic half-tones with which so many books of this kind are now overloaded.

Mr. B. Lenox Simpson, well known under the pen-name of B. L. Putnam Weale, again takes liberties with his name, and on the title page of his new book, "Why China Sees Red,"[2] appears merely as Putnam Weale. He is always interesting, frequently exasperating, often admittedly "indiscreet." A Britisher to the backbone, he has lived many years in China and knows Chinese affairs as few. He "has for many years been the official adviser on foreign affairs to the Chinese Government." After reading this book, we wonder if he still retains that position—convinced that he should not, if he does. The book is an interesting, lively, eminently biased discussion of the present situation in China. Simpson is always anti-Japanese; usually he is pro-Chinese against the world. This time his allegiance is divided. As a Britisher, Mr. Simpson can but feel aggrieved at China's present outburst, which is after all definitely anti-British. The book tells why China sees red, but it might as well have been named "Why Britain Sees Red." In telling his story, Mr. Simpson reviews the history of the relations between China and the outside world. On the whole, China has not been so terribly abused. The Opium war, the Arrow war, the Boxer punition, might have been worse. Admittedly, they give some ground for irritation, but China should be reasonable. England is, after all, her great and good friend and British trade is the necessary basis of present prosperity and future hope. Mr. Simpson gives an interesting and instructive description of the affairs of 1924 and 1925. He shows us how China feels, and why. He gives an illuminating account of the Russian maneuvers in Peking; of Japanese plotting; of American errors. He does not underestimate the seriousness of the situation and believes that things can never again be as they were a few months ago. He feels that the present crisis demands energetic, even severe measures. It irritates him that England hesitates to act alone. Oh, if she had but done what she could, and should, have done back in the early days, such a condition as now exists could never have come! Last November, Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador at Washington, spoke at Kansas City. He is reported to have urged the United States to stand with Britain in this crisis. How easy it is, when Britain, through kindness and self-restraint, has made a peaceful nation "see red," to ask the United States to undo the damage. Mr. Simpson, too, is quite willing that we should pull their chestnuts out of the fire. If England really is bound not to act alone, why should we not undertake the settlement of the problem? Mr. Simpson's book abounds in suggestion and advice. His last suggestion is probably for Britain, not for us. He says:

> Indeed in any estimate of the general policy of the powers in China, the possibility of the use of force cannot be overlooked. There would seem to be a good deal of misunderstanding on this issue. While no doubt international action would lead to as unsatisfactory a position as it did in 1900, owing to jealousies inevitable in a divided command, the action of a single power, amply supplied with steam transport, could be made overwhelming in a very few weeks. It is calculated by experts that five divisions of troops, or a hundred thousand men, together with a flotilla of light craft, would bring about decisive results five times as fast as in the wars of 1842 and 1860. . . . The subsequent military problem would not be hard. . . . Even the expenditure involved by such military operations would not offer difficulties.

Is it not clear that this book must interest any one who occupies himself with Oriental questions?

A doctoral thesis and a volume in the Columbia University studies in history, economics and public law is the interesting discussion of "Extra-Territoriality: Its Rise and Its Decline, by Shih Shun Liu."[3] It is

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1. **A Chinese Mirror.** Florence Ayscough. Boston and New York: 1925. Houghton, Mifflin Co. 8°, pp. 464.

2. **Why China Sees Red.** Putnam Weale. New York: 1925. Dodd, Mead & Co. 16°, pp. 337.

3. **Extra-Territoriality: Its Rise and Its Decline.** Shih Shun Liu. New York: 1925. Columbia University (Longmans, Green & Co.). 8°, pp. 238.

4. **Chinese Political Philosophy.** William S. A. Pott. New York: MCMXXV. Alfred A. Knopf. 16°, pp. xi-110.

not an argument as to the legitimacy of extra-territoriality, nor a special plea for its abolition in China. It is a straightforward study of the rise and decline of the institution. Whatever it may be in its present-day operation, extra-territoriality was not, in its origin and early development, a limitation upon the territorial sovereignty of the countries in which it was practiced. The institution began before the conception of territorial sovereignty existed and when the theory of the personality of laws was generally recognized. It was at one time widely practiced in European countries. It was a relief from responsibility to the countries in which it existed—or was granted as a lure to trade and business relations. When, however, the idea of territorial sovereignty arose, extra-territoriality was found to operate to its limitation, and the tendency has long been towards its abandonment. Today it exists mainly in undeveloped lands and assumes that their law codes and judicial administration are primitive and unsatisfactory. The nations upon which it is practiced are restive under its restrictions, and anxious for its abolition. While both parts of our author's discussion are interesting, the second, dealing with the decline, is most so. Mr. Liu recognizes six methods of bringing about abolition—annexation, transfer of jurisdiction, separation, protection, unilateral cancellation and diplomatic negotiation. He gives the history of each of these in turn. His study is timely in connection with China's present urgent demand for abolition. There can be no question that the situation is anomalous and disadvantageous. As it has given away elsewhere, so it must disappear in China.

The author of "Chinese Political Philosophy" was born in China, from an American father and a Chinese mother.[4] He dedicates his book to his mother's memory, attributing to her the highest virtues of East and West. It is a brief discussion, rather heavily written, which forms the first volume in a series of *Political Science Classics,* under the general editorship of Prof. Lindsay Rogers of Columbia University. The author first sketches a background of the mentality of Confucian China; he then presents the Confucian ethical ideal, and afterward the Confucian political ideal. He closes by stating some of the political ideas of Lao Tse. This forms the first part of his work. In the second part, he assembles the passages upon which his discussion is based—twenty-six from the Confucian writings and fourteen from the *Tao Teh King.* He states the foundation of Confucianism in two propositions—that nature is good, and that human nature is good. The

> propositions are not separate and distinct truths independent of one another. . . . The first conditions the second; the second is actually but a corollary of the first, for it represents an extension of the principle of the goodness of nature to comprise specifically human nature.

Coming to the Confucian political ideals, he finds

> that Chinese political thought has never developed the idea of the State, whereas Western political thought makes it the cornerstone of its political theorizing. . . . In the East the ideal of government is benevolent paternalism, whereas in the West, whatever the ideal may be, it is emphatically not any kind of paternalism.

Usually, we think of Confucian and Iao Tse-an thought as diametrically opposite. In the realm of politics the two come to much the same thing. We can best sum up the author's entire argument in his own words:—"Hence we return to our thesis that the two cardinal principles of Chinese political thought are the belief in the inherent goodness of man's natural disposition and the undesirability of governmental regimentation."

FREDERICK STARR.

Correspondence

Peacemakers of America, Unite!

Editor of UNITY:

In two recent editorials the *Christian Century* (Chicago) deplores sectarian divisions among the workers for peace in this country and calls on them "to unite on some simple, elementary, non-controversial action which can be pressed with harmonious voice upon our government and the governments of the world." Its proposal for this united effort is to "demand that our government call an international conference to declare and register the will of the nations on the simple issue of the disestablishment of the institution of war."

The *Christian Century,* with which *Christian Work* has lately been merged, is a widely influential religious journal. Ministers and churches far and near look to it for guidance. They will do well to give heed to its frank statement that the peace forces have become "embittered and gnarled in sterile controversy over the mechanism of peace. League advocates say, Lo here! Court advocates say, Lo here! Disarmament advocates say, Lo here! Outlawry of war advocates say, Lo here! Meanwhile the common enemy is digging in deeper and more securely every day. This common enemy is the selfish cynical spirit of nationalism, of isolationism, which refuses to consider the possibility of abolishing war, which holds that war is inevitable, and that the only thing to do is to make our own country as strong as possible against the day of crisis."

The *Christian Century* holds that the peace makers can not properly understand their task "until there is a show of hands as to what nations want peace and what nations want war," and also that "no opportunity has ever been given for the nations to declare their attitude toward war." Hence its proposal of a conference in which the nations shall answer "in yes or no simplicity, unencumbered and unobscured by proposals of mechanisms of any sort, the question of willingness to abandon war."

One may agree with the *Christian Century's* diagnosis of the unhappy condition of the cause of peace in this country and yet question the adequacy of its prescription. If the proposed conference should be held, of course every country would declare with its hand upon its heart that it earnestly desires to abandon war! But with how much sincerity? If we desire to learn what countries have a genuine will to peace, let us make a definite offer of treaties providing for the peaceable settlement of all disputes between the contracting nations, those disputes involving vital interests or national honor not excepted. Our willingness to offer such treaties will indicate our own will to peace. And the acceptance or rejection of such an offer will test the will to peace of other nations.

The smaller countries of Europe, especially those that had sense enough to keep out of the World War, are making treaties of this kind, and we can not do better than to follow their example. The Scandinavian peoples have lately agreed with one another to settle by peaceful means all their differences without any exception. Switzerland has made a treaty of this comprehensive character with France and another with Italy; Czecho-Slovakia, one with Austria. The mode of settlement in a particular case may vary—reference to the World Court, to the Hague arbitrators, to a specially constituted commission, to the League Council—but it must be peaceable, no matter how grave the issue.

An all-inclusive treaty of this kind between this country and Britain was advocated by Chief Justice Taft when he was President, and was actually formulated by Secretary

THE FIELD

"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion."

The Passaic Textile Strike

The strike of the textile workers of Passaic, New Jersey, and vicinity, may be traced directly to a wage cut of 10 per cent which was given in most of the woolen mills in October, 1925. This wage cut, however, was only the match which set afire the flame of revolt against the unbearable conditions which prevail in all textile mills.

The million workers of this basic industry are the lowest paid group in the country, and in other respects are among the most cruelly exploited. The average wage of the unskilled textile workers is between $12 and $22 a week. The skilled workers, such as the loom fixers, of whom there are a very small number in each mill, receive from $30 to $40 a week. An analysis of 447 weekly pay-envelopes, collected by strikers in Passaic, shows that 22 per cent received between $10 and $15 a week, 33 per cent received between $15 and $20 a week, 23 per cent between $20 and $25 a week, the remainder receiving either less than $10 or over $25. An analysis of 113 annual payslips shows that 47 per cent of the workmen receive less than $1,000 a year, and 71 per cent less than $1,200 a year.

These wretched wages, far below the minimum family budget set by the U. S. Department of Labor and totally inadequate for maintaining a family, force mothers and children of 14 to go into the mills.

The report of the National Industrial Conference Board shows that of 3,672 children between the ages of 10 and 15, 387 are gainfully employed, 225 of them working in the woolen mills.

The sanitary conditions in the textile mills are such as to menace the health and even the life of the workers.

The mills which have so oppressed their workers are very wealthy. The Forstman and Huffman Company shows a capitalization of $5,500,000, the Passaic Worsted and Spinning, of $3,000,000, the New Jersey Spinning, of $2,000,000 the Dundee Textile, of $1,050,000, the United Piece Dye Works, of $8,000,000, and the National Silk Dyeing Co., of $10,000,000.

The Botany Consolidated Mills, one of the most powerful in Passaic, is a holding company which controls the Botany Worsted Mills and the Garfield Worsted Mills. It has large interests also in two German textile groups, controlling thirty affiliated companies in Germany, Hungary, Czecho-Slovakia, Italy, Latvia and Holland.

A careful study of the Botany Consolidated proves that it was formed to conceal the swollen profits of the Botany Worsted Mills which in the seven years previous to December 31, 1923, averaged earnings of 93 per cent. For the year of 1924 the Botany Consolidated showed net profits of $1,731,298.

The aims of the United Front Committee, the organization in control of the present strike, are organization of the unorganized and amalgamation of all textile unions into one organization. Its method of organizing is based upon mill councils, elected among the workers in each department of a mill. Its slogan is: the united front of the workers against the united front of the bosses.

Under the leadership of Albert Weisbord, the United Front Committee began to organize in Passaic immediately after the wage cuts of last fall. About one thousand workers had been organized in the Botany Mills when a worker who was active in organizing was discharged. The committee, elected by the mill council to protest to the bosses, was likewise discharged. This action precipitated the strike.

January 25, 1926, the first day of the strike, brought out practically all of the Botany Mill. By the end of the week the strike had spread to the Garfield Worsted and to the Passaic Worsted which employs 600 workers. With the next week nearly all of the 1,200 workers of the Gera mill had joined the strike, and a magnificent parade was held in demonstration of the strength the strike had then attained.

The next mill was the New Jersey Spinning, about 800 of whose 1,200 employees walked out. The third week of the strike saw the beginning of the brutal assaults of the police upon the peaceful picket lines of the strikers, when the strikers attempted to march upon the great plants of the Forstman and Huffman Company. Notwithstanding the clubbing and trampling of men, women and children which took place on the Ackerman Street bridge on February 9, the strikers brought out the Forstman and Huffman workers so successfully that the company was forced to shut down.

The Dundee Textile, a silk mill employing about 300 workers, next joined the ranks of the strike. On March 11, a triumphant march of about 6,000 strikers to the giant Lodi plant of the United Piece Dye Works added this mill also to our ranks. This plant, which does dyeing and finishing of silk, and employs 4,000 workers in Lodi, has been crippled so seriously that one of its mills has been shut down, the other operating with reduced forces. Shortly afterward, about 250 workers of the Dundee Lakes plant of the National Silk Dyeing Company of Paterson came out. The number of the strikers is now about 16,000.

The strikers have held firm for more than thirteen weeks without a break in their ranks. Neither the cold they had to endure during the first weeks, nor the hunger and privation, neither the assaults of the police, nor the continued petty attacks of the bosses have been of any avail. The strikers have held firm.

The textile strikers are fighting to win the following demands:

(1) Not only the abolition of the wage cut, but a 10 per cent increase over the old-wage scale.
(2) The return of the money taken from them by wage cuts since the time the last cuts were given.
(3) Time and a half for overtime.
(4) A forty-four-hour week.
(5) Decent, sanitary working conditions.
(6) No discrimination against union workers.
(7) Recognition of the union.

For the silk mills, a demand of a 25 per cent increase in wages is substituted for the first two demands.

The outrages perpetrated upon the peaceful textile strikers have aroused the indignation of the entire country.

Mayor McGuire, Commissioner of Public Safety; Preiskel, Chief Zober, in Passaic, are an unholy trio who have spread their ill fame over the entire country through their ruthless opposition to the workers in this strike. Mayor Burke, of Garfield, has a position in the Botany Mills; other officials are connected with the mills through the profitable woolen remnant stores which they conduct in New York City. Corruption runs riot.

Preiskey and Zober have tried in vain to limit the picket lines to a mere handful of strikers. Mass picket lines, an essential strike tactic in this unorganized territory, have been maintained throughout the strike against the most brutal assaults imaginable. Men, women and children have been clubbed into insensibility, heads have been broken, yet the lines have remained firm. Chief Zober has thrown tear-gas bombs among these defense-

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Knox and Ambassador Bryce. It was not consummated; our Senate was not willing to impair our precious sovereign right to go to war whenever we feel like it! The will to peace was insufficient in the Senate.

No two powers of the first rank have yet entered into such a peace pact. Are not the two great English-speaking peoples ready to do it, to promise each other that they will settle all their controversies without resort to arms, as indeed they have done for the past century? Can not all peace groups unite in urging the present administration to initiate a treaty so providing?

The Root treaties—about a dozen—provide for the arbitration of certain disputes. The Bryan treaties—about a score—provide for a year for investigation and discussion before resort to war. The time is ripe to go one step further, by agreeing with such nations as are ready and willing to reciprocate, to settle all disputes whatsoever in a sensible, civilized manner.

It should be noted that such a treaty as is herein advocated is the outlawing of war between the two countries mutually promising, although the treaty may not and should not even mention war between them as a possibility. Thus our federal constitution provides for the settlement of disputes between the states, but it does not call war between states a crime, still less prescribe procedure in case there should be such war. *It ignores the possibility of such war.* This is a good example to follow. War belongs in the category of those things which St. Paul declared it "a shame even to speak of."

Boston, Mass. HENRY W. PINKHAM,
Secretary, The Association to Abolish War.

less and peaceable workers; he has had the fire-hose turned upon them in the streets on a cold winter day; he has had them ridden down with horses and clubbed again, yet the lines have turned out stronger than ever. In their frenzy the police have turned upon newspaper men, clubbed them, smashed their cameras and destroyed their films so that no evidence might remain of their illegal violence. The picket lines have only increased thereby and the sympathy of the entire country has turned to the strikers. Singing and cheering, the textile strikers have stood firm.

A statement, issued by the American Civil Liberties Union of New York City, shows not less than one hundred cases of atrocious assault on the part of the police. Warrants of arrest have been made out against 12 patrolmen and against Chief Zober. Judge Davidson, however, has plainly refused to receive complaints against officials.

Illegal methods reached their height in the onslaught of the bosses during the week following April 10. Albert Weisbord was arrested without warrant and held incommunicado for two days. The total bail fixed for Weisbord amounted to the sum of $50,000.

On Monday, April 12, the day upon which the Fortsman and Huffman Mill attempted to reopen, Sheriff Nimmo of Bergen County read the riot act before a picket line of several thousands, and an instant afterward, gave the order for the arrest of the strikers and sympathizers who were attempting to disperse. Bail for the people arrested on that day, including Robert Dunn of the American Civil Liberties Union and Esther Lowell of the Federated Press, was fixed at $10,000 each. Their hearing was rushed through without the presence of an attorney. Meeting halls in Garfield were closed, and the riot act was illegally taken to be equivalent to martial law. Norman Thomas was arrested in making a test case of meeting in Garfield and released under $10,000 bail.

These ruthless onslaughts against civil rights have aroused nation-wide protests. A Joint Committee has been formed to conduct the defense of cases arising from the strike, consisting of the International Labor Defense, the American Civil Liberties Union, the League for Industrial Democracy, the United Front Committee of Textile Strikers, the Emergency Strikers' Relief Committee, the General Relief Committee of Textile Strikers and the Federated Press.

Attempts to settle the strike have been made by many different agents. The East Side Business Men's Association of Passaic, Mayor McGuire, the City Council of Garfield, the New York Evening Graphic, a committee of Prominent New York citizens, headed by Rabbi Stephen Wise, Governor Moore of New Jersey, a group of clergymen of Passaic, these are only some of the individuals and groups which have come forward with offers to mediate.

The strikers have been ready on all occasions to enter into negotiations. The mill owners, true to their anti-union policy, steadily refused to meet with either the United Front Committee or with Organizer Weisbord. The only proposal to which the mill owners have turned a willing ear is that the strikers go back to work.

All this support has made possible an extensive relief organization. 3,500 families are now being cared for.

Five coffee and sandwich stations are maintained for the picket lines and in co-operation with the United Council of Working-Class Housewives a kitchen feeds hundreds of children daily. Clothing and shoes are distributed free to strikers who apply from a central clothing store. During cold weather coal was provided and the services of a physician furnished.

All money, clothing or other contributions should be sent to General Relief Committee, Textile Strikers, 743 Main Ave., Passaic, N. J.

United Front Committee of Textile Workers of Passaic and Vicinity

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